

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER

AND EASTERN CHRONICLE.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

SHORT SERMONS. NO. 13.

Let them learn first to show piety at home.—1 Tim. v. 4.

There is no character so degrading as an impious female; and almost on a scale of equal degradation is that female who, forgetting the station in which the God of nature has placed her, assumes the character of a declaimer in what she may be pleased to call her religion. Not but that on suitable occasions, and in proper society, a woman may modestly stand upon the defence of religion, spiritedly defend Christianity from the aspersions of the calumniator, and check the presumption of any one who may be so unmanly as to question in her presence the reality of that which is the greatest safeguard of female purity. But to make public places of resort, or social meetings, the witness of a woman's piety and the zeal in the cause of religion there manifested, the criterion by which to judge of the sense of religious duty and obligation which a woman possesses, is preposterous in the extreme.—To make this the rule in judging of female piety, (and it is a rule too often adopted,) is to give the bold and forward a name for piety while it is not possessed, when the more retired and unassuming, who indeed may possess it in the truest sense of the word, are exposed to the denunciation of the more zealous part of the sex, and made victims to the envenomed tooth of slander which is never sparingly used by this outrageous righteous part of the female community, in speaking of those who think that the proper sphere for the exercise of female piety; is found in the domestic circle. That to "learn to show their piety at home," by the practice of those duties which home presents, is more consistent with the station which Providence has assigned her, than by forsaking home and its duties, to run the giddy round of what has with propriety been termed religious dissipation. Home is indeed the most proper place for a female to show her piety in. To make this a heaven in itself by the exercise of those endearments which gentleness, patience, affability and good nature bestow, is true piety in woman. To direct the mind of her offspring to the contemplation of their heavenly Father, and to learn them to lip his praise in their yet unformed accents, to sow in the tender ground of their hearts those seeds of piety and virtue which in future life may reward her cares, and which she will delight to see spring forth and bud and blossom and yield those fruits which will make them blessed through life and smooth the rugged path of her own old age, and soften her dying pillow. This is indeed piety in woman.

But what will the world say to such piety as this? Many of us know from experience what it will say. It will say that you are destitute of religion. The world will require that you should spend that time which you now devote to the practice of virtue, those evenings which you now devote to the society of your husband, to soothe his cares and recompense him for the toilsome labors of the day, to the more popular method of spending these hours in meetings which the world dignifies with the epithet of "religious." This will be required of you by the world, if you wish to obtain from it the reputation of being an exemplarily pious woman. But to be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God, that which your heavenly Parent requires of you in acquitting yourselves as good Christians in the station which he has assigned you. Be willing to bear the cross which a censorious world may lay upon you for hearkening unto God rather than unto men, and remember for your consolation, that it is his own right hand which presents the crown that will reward you for your toils in this life and give you those consolations in death which the world can neither give nor take away.

J. W. H.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

While Calvinists and others are continually declaiming about the demoralizing tendency of liberal views, we have thought that it might not be unprofitable to present our readers with some of the genuine fruits of Calvinism, which appeared in the days of the Westminster Divines—a time when Calvinists had much greater power than they now have. The following heart-rending account of a cruel and malignant persecution carried on by the orthodox against a pious liberal Christian, will show what Calvinists have done, and what they would undoubtedly do again had they the power which they have lost and which they are laboring to regain. We are indebted for it to the Christian Register into which it is copied from the Christian Pioneer, a journal published in Glasgow, Scotland. The Register thinks it was compiled from Dr. Toulmin's life of Mr. Biddle.

JOHN BIDDLE.

Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment—of whom the world was not worthy.—HEBREWS.

John Biddle was born at Wotton-under-edge, in the county of Gloucester, in the year 1615. His parents were respectable and pious. After he had received the rudiments of a good education at the Grammar School of his native town, he proceeded to the University of Oxford. Here he prosecuted his studies with so much assiduity and success, as greatly to promote his own reputation and the credit of the University. That liberal tone of thinking which led him, at a later period, to scrutinize and impugn popular errors, began to evince itself during the progress of his college studies; for we are told, "that he did so philosophise, that it might be observed he was determined more by reason than authority." This is at once the evidence and the just eulogium of an original mind; and in the days of Biddle was a faculty as rare as it was invaluable. In 1638, he graduated B. A. and assumed the office of a tutor in the University, which he filled with singular efficiency. A short time after, he accepted an invitation to become the master of a Grammar School in the city of Gloucester, in which station, also, he acquitted himself so admirably of his duties, that parents who had the opportunity of committing their sons to his direction, congratulated themselves on their felicity.

In this situation, Mr. Biddle found leisure to follow the bent of his mind. He devoted himself, with all his characteristic moral ardor, to the study of the Scriptures. These holy records, without any other aid than is afforded by purity of mind, and fervent prayer for divine illumination, and the dictates of a well disciplined understanding, he made the sole criterion and measure of his creed. This is the proper method of procedure. We fear that even men whose general principles are deserving of high respect, act erroneously in this matter. They denounce the authority of Popes, but they are enslaved by commentators. The decrees of councils, with them avail only as so much musty parchment, but the opinions of Grotius, or Priestley, or Cappel, are of paramount authority. The evils which result from this undue confidence in human judgement, are so numerous, that we cannot permit ourselves to enter upon the statement of them at present. We recommend the practice and the advice of John Biddle to all those who read a comment before they read the Bible, and who tremble to enunciate an opinion which a high or a low Dutch theologian does not sanction. "If thou, Christian Reader," says Biddle, "dost from thy heart aspire to the knowledge of God, and his Son Jesus Christ, wherein eternal life doth consist, tetch not the beginnings thereof, either from Socinus, or from his adversaries; but closely apply thyself to the search of the New Covenant, and make no doubt but the true light will at length illuminate the eyes of thy mind." So faithfully did Mr. Biddle himself pursue this plan of investigating divine truth, that he derived all his learning in matters of religion from the sole study of the Scriptures, with which he was so conversant, that he retained them all in his memory, word for word, not only in English, but in Greek, as far as the fourth chapter of the Revelation. The result of his scriptural inquiries, was his disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity. To this conclusion he came without having seen any Unitarian publication. This is not a solitary case. Instances might be multiplied, both of lettered and unlettered men, instances many are recorded, others that have come under the writer's own knowledge, in which the same results have attended the same process.

The truth which Mr. Biddle had discovered, he deemed his duty to communicate. Hence he was led to propound and defend his opinions, in the course of ordinary conversation. This disclosure of his thoughts soon inflamed the minds of some zealots. The cry of heresy was raised against him, and its voice sank not till its victim was laid in his tomb. He was summoned before the magistrates; but, after some considerable harassment, was per-

mitted to retire. By no means discouraged by the interference of insane zeal, nor intimidated by the storm which he saw gathering in the distance, he adopted further measures for the dissemination of his sentiments, and put into the hands of his friends a paper, in which he clearly and fully refuted the opinion of the Deity of the Spirit. This paper was communicated, among others, to one who betrayed the confidence which Mr. Biddle reposed in him, and who, instead of admitting the cogency, or exposing the fallacy of the arguments which it propounded, was so ungenerous as to denounce him to the Magistrates of Gloucester, and to the Committee of the Parliament that then resided there. This specimen of the fruits of orthodox zeal, however disgraceful, is not worthy to be mentioned, if contrasted with another instance, which we shall presently adduce. In consequence, however, of this information, Mr. Biddle was committed to the common gaol. The commitment was peculiarly cruel and afflictive, for he was, at the time, ill of a dangerous fever. The design of this imprisonment was to secure his person till the Parliament should take cognizance of the affair; but the severity of this proceeding was mitigated by the compassion of a friend who procured his enlargement, by giving bail for his appearance whenever the Parliament should see fit to call him to their bar. About this time, the very learned Arch-bishop Usher passing through Gloucester, made a vain attempt to change the opinions of Mr. Biddle. Six months after he was set at liberty, he was summoned to appear at Westminster, and the Parliament immediately chose a Committee to whom the cognizance of his cause was referred. During the space of 16 months, he was harassed and wearied by tedious and expensive delays. Seeing no probability of procuring a decision from his judges, as a body, he addressed an affecting expostulation to one of the Committee, Sir Henry Vane. The result was, that Mr. B. was committed to the custody of an officer of the House of Commons, and was continued under restraint for the five following years. In the mean time the matter was referred to the Assembly of Divines, then sitting at Westminster. He now published his arguments against the Deity of the Spirit, with the view of exciting inquiry and eliciting truth. The publication of this tract raised a great alarm, and it was ordered to be burned by the common hangman. In 1653, however, our author reprinted this piece, with two other tracts, and whilst he was yet in prison, he published also a Confession of Faith, in which he disproves the doctrine of the Trinity, and exposes its baneful effects.

The rancor of his enemies was now raised to a pitch beyond endurance. The Westminster Divines, instead of applying themselves to the refutation of his sentiments, endeavored to destroy him by an *ex post facto* law. Holding in their practice the expedient doctrines, that the end sanctifies the means, they applied to the civil power, and supplied the defect of their own intellectual insignificance, by recourse to its commanding terrors. Accordingly, they solicited the interference of the Parliament, and prevailed with it to pass an ordinance, which comprises the very essence of the meries of Calvinism. Will the reader believe, that, through their influence, the pains of death, as in case of felony, were denounced against any one who should presume to think differently from them on religious topics! Yet this was the case. In every discrepancy of opinion which they deemed material, death was the punishment: but in their great love and pity, if your heretical pravity related only to smaller matters—such as maintaining the horrible doctrine, that all men should be saved; or, that the soul sleppeth after the body is dead; or, that baptizing infants is unlawful; or, that man is bound to believe no more than his reason can comprehend; then you were liable to imprisonment till you would give adequate surety that you would renounce any such abominable errors! The enumeration of the opinions condemned by this ordinance, is so minute, and full, and pointed, as no pretension to infallibility could make more explicit, no instrument of bigotry more vexatious, no decree of Councils, nor bull of Popes, more dogmatical and authoritative, and few more sanguinary. And, as it were, to put the finishing touch to this engine of ecclesiastical cruelty, the constitution of the country was violated, for the accused was allowed neither the liberty of appeal, nor the privilege of a jury! No less was the remark of Milton, that "So Presbyter, is but Old Priest writ large." This ordinance, which was but one out of several public acts that breathed the same intolerant and cruel spirit, failed to effect all that was expected from it. For the army, both officers and soldiers, were, in considerable numbers, liable to the severities of this Act, through their heretical pravity in some one or other of its proscribed doctrines. This circumstance prevented the Parliament from putting their sanguinary enactments into execution. Nor were the Parliament themselves of "one heart and one mind."

On these accounts, the ordinance did not, as was expected, prove fatal to Mr. Biddle. The blow which was aimed at

his life, failed to reach him; yet he suffered, for several years, the miseries of a severe imprisonment. The death of Chs. I. mitigated his sufferings; and Cromwell caused the repeal of all the penal laws relating to religion. In consequence, Mr. Biddle's keeper allowed him more liberty, and permitted him, upon security being given, to go into Staffordshire. He was soon traced to his retreat, recalled, and more strictly confined. During his imprisonment, he was held in abhorrence on account of the charges against him of blasphemy; and for fear of incurring the same odium, people abstained from evincing towards him any attention, which might have lightened his captivity. Thus was this upright servant of God cut off from all the intercourses and endearments of life.—Thus bigotry cancels the bonds of society, and heretical pravity—which means, your opinion and not mine—is regarded as more criminal than the most heinous act of immorality! A robber and a murderer is treated according to the rights of humanity, and is indulged with the visit of pity and condolence; but the Christian professor—acting in the very spirit of his Master—pines away unvisited and alone; and no eye of those who pretend to visit the prisoner, looks on him; and no orthodox charity is found large enough to extend the hand of compassion. But so it is, that the cup of which the sufferer for righteousness' sake partakes, is mingled of every bitter ingredient—that his faith may be tried—his virtue exalted—his love of truth exhibited, as rising superior to every difficulty. In the experience of Mr. Biddle, poverty was added to imprisonment and the neglect of his fellow-men. To such indignity was he reduced, that he was glad when he could procure for his morning and evening meal, a draught of milk from the cow. In the year 1651, Mr. Biddle was restored to liberty; and he immediately, nothing dismayed by past endurance, opened a place for public worship. So much did it cost to commence the first Society in England, who worshipped in purity the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let the sacrifices of Mr. Biddle shame some of us, who, while we live in the possession of the truth, will not so much as move a hand to disenthral our oppressed brethren. Mr. Biddle began again to avail himself of the press, in order to promulgate the truth, and published two Catechisms. These alarmed the advocates of Orthodoxy. Forthwith, severe proceedings were commenced against him. He was brought to the bar of the House of Commons, committed a close prisoner, and forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper, and denied the access of any friend. In this case a capital judgment was expected; yet Mr. Biddle preserved a composed and cheerful mind, and trusted in the God of Truth.

His trust did not fail him; for the Protector dissolved the Parliament, and, in consequence, Mr. Biddle was set at liberty, after ten months' imprisonment. The author had escaped, but his enemies could not endure to see works in circulation which they could not answer; and accordingly, procured an order that they should be burned by the hands of the common hangman. Most men would think that Mr. Biddle might, with all propriety, at length retire from the unequal contest.—Such, however, was not his own sentiments. Mr. Biddle was indefatigable to promote by every means, the doctrine according to godliness. Amongst other methods, he met in public dispute a Mr. Griffin, a considerable part of whose congregation had already adopted his views. Mr. Griffin was worsted in the argument; and another day was appointed for the resumption of the debate. But before that day came, it was found convenient to resort to other measures, for silencing this champion of truth. The adversaries of Mr. Biddle seized the open avowal that he had made of his opinions in the late debate—information was lodged against him—he was apprehended, and placed in the Compter; hence he was removed to Newgate, and was, at the next sessions, called to trial for his life, on the ordinance which we have before mentioned. The iniquity of this proceeding was monstrously aggravated by its being founded on an Act which had never properly received the force of a law, and had for years lain obsolete. But the inveterate zeal of persecutors is alike forgetful of mercy and equity. Nor, that the turpitude of his wretched enemies might be of the blackest dye, till after he made the most strenuous exertions. But Cromwell was an enemy to persecution; he, therefore, took Mr. Biddle out of the hands of the law. The hatred of the enemies to religious liberty, however, was so strong, that Cromwell was obliged to continue him in prison.—Petitions poured in upon the Protector, reproaching his lenity, and praying the execution of the law, till, at last, hoping to terminate the affair, he banished Mr. Biddle to Scilly. Disagreeable and afflictive as must have been this state of exile, it was at least an asylum from the vindictive spirit of his enemies. During the period of his expatriation, he enjoyed the divine and sacred pleasures of piety and holy meditation. His mind daily became more spiritual, and his views of evangelical re-

ligion more enlarged and definite. At length the Protector caused him to be recalled, and set at liberty. Mr. Biddle, as if to show that his mind still bore up, nor bated one jot in heart or hope, published, on his return, his "Essay to explain the Revelation." Still did he feel the firmness of his mind, his unconquerable attachment to truth, his steady and ardent zeal. He resumed his religious duties as a minister of Christ. Various and harassing, however, were the molestations that he had to endure; till, at last, in June 1662, he was haled from his home, and with some friends, committed to prison, without the liberty of procuring bail. After much harassment, they were brought to trial. Each of his friends was fined in the penalty of 20*l.* and Mr. Biddle himself in 100*l.* and they were ordered to lie in prison till the fines were paid! In less than five weeks, through the noisomeness of the place, and the want of air, operating on a constitution which orthodox rancor had already impaired, he contracted a disease which threatened his life. And so unrelenting is bigotry, that Mr. Biddle could not procure the liberty of a short relaxation of his sufferings in order to recovery. He was doomed to remain in prison; and on the second day after, between five and six o'clock in the morning, the 22d of September, 1662, he died in the forty-seventh year of his age. Thus terminated the days of one who was cruelly tortured through life, and cruelly, at last, brought prematurely to his tomb by infuriate bigotry. The manner in which he met his dissolution proved what he had before asserted to his friends—that he had brought himself, by frequent meditations on the resurrection, and on future happiness, to look on death with contempt. He had often, before this fatal illness, intimated his assurance, that if he were again cast into prison, he should never leave it alive; yet did he continue to maintain the contest against error and bigotry.—Nor was he despirited at the thought of his approaching dissolution:—"The work he said, was done." He had borne his testimony, it only remained for men to avow the truth—he had disclosed the truth, men might rejoice in it—he had seen its dissemination—he trusted in God, that the light would never be extinguished. No! thou illustrious martyr, the light that thou didst kindle in these kingdoms has not become darkness. Like the rising sun, it has shone brighter and brighter, and will gather splendor and energy till the perfect day. Thy voice proclaiming the gospel of peace—the God of love—finds an echo in many a heart in this our land—reverberates on the shores of the Atlantic and on the banks of the Ganges, emancipates the captive and confounds the gainsayer. May we feel thy spirit, and emulate thy zeal, content to bear thy reproach, and glorying, if peradventure we may secure thy reward!

Nothing can have a happier influence on the mind of a child, than to perceive a unity of object and effort, and common interest relative to his improvement, existing between his teacher and his parents. It lays the foundation to that indispensable requisite to happiness, a generous confidence in others, as he sees both parties sacrificing their individual interest to his, and teaching him the great lesson of self-denial. But if he finds the efforts of his teacher prompted by one motive, and those of his parents by another, he will very soon regulate his own by the selfish desire of personal gratification.

Journal of Education.

Nothing is durable, virtue alone excepted.—Personal beauty passes soon away; fortune inspires extravagant inclination; grandeur fatigues; reputation is uncertain; talents, nay, genius itself is liable to be impaired; but virtue is ever beautiful, ever diversified, ever equal, and ever vigorous, because it is resigned to all events, to privations as to enjoyments, to death as to life.

When a compassionate man falls, who would not pity him? Who that has power to do it, would not befriend and raise him up? Or could the most barbarous temper offer an insult to his distress, without pain and reluctance? True charity is always willing to find excuses; in generous spirits, compassion is sometimes an overbalance for self-preservation. God certainly interwove that friendly softness in our nature, to be a check upon too great a propensity towards self-love.

The influence of true religion is mild and soft and noiseless, and constant as the descent of the evening dew on the tender herbage, nourishing and refreshing all the amiable and social virtues; not rattling as a summer shower, rooting up the fairest flower, and washing away the richest mould in the pleasant garden of society.

"The truth strikes upon the ear, when men are sobered by the labors of the day, when no mortal eye sees them, and when the twilight, and the silence, and the loneliness combine in causing it to make a deep impression."

In your discourse be cautious what you speak, and to whom you speak—how you speak, and when you speak—and what you speak, speak wisely, speak truly.

 A GIRL, acquainted with house work, wanted in a small family. Inquire at the Book Store. Nov. 15, 1827.

POETRY.

SELECTED FOR THE INTELLIGENCER.

By J. L. B.

[From the Souvenir.]

The annexed poem, from the pen of the talented Editor of the Morrisstown Palladium, will be read with pleasure by every one capable of enjoying the beauties of poetry. It is chaste, nervous and elegant,—and combines with beauties of diction and ease of versification, a vigor of thought and sentiment rarely to be met with in the best lyrical compositions. The author is well known to the reading community by various compositions in prose and verse, all of which are distinguished for their excellence.

Monadnock is a lofty peak of rock, which rises almost perpendicularly nearly a thousand feet from its base, and forms the height of land between the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers, in Cheshire county, New-Hampshire.—Ed. Sov.

THE MONADNOCK.

By WILLIAM P. M. WOOD.

Upon the far-off Mountain's brow
The angry storm has ceased to beat,
And broken clouds are gathering now
In sulken reverend round his feet;
Alone he met their crowded bands,
Their folds around his breast were reared,
And now once more redeemed he stands,
And heaven's blue arch is o'er him beaded.

I've seen him when his awful head
Was towering o'er the clouds beneath,
That round his breast, recombent, spread
Their folds in many a misty wreath;
I've seen him when the morning sun,
Uncertain, was in radiance beaming
Upon those sombre wreaths of dew,
Like hope upon life's pathway gleaming.

And I have viewed him hid in clouds
Piled far above his head sublime,
Just as the gloom of doubt enshrouds
The mount that Christian pilgrims climb,
And his folds were rent,
And on his brow the sun was shining,
E'en as the light of Faith is sent
To cheer the heart in doubt repining.

I've seen him when the setting sun
Burned like a bare-fire on the height;
I've seen him, when the day was done,
Throw back the beams of evening light;
E'en as the twilight of the soul,
When bluest religion's light is gleaming
Serenely on the Christian's soul,
To me his hushed top was seeming.

I've seen him vanish from the sight
When rayless night was gathering there,
E'en as goes out hope's blessed light
Within the precincts of despair;
I've seen him in the moon-light hour
When all the world beneath was sleeping,
Like a lone sentry in his tower
His weary watch in silence keeping.

And there forever calm and clear
His lofty turret nobly springs;
He owns no rival summit near,
No Sovereign but the King of Kings!
Thousands of nations have passed by,
Thousands of years unknown in story,
And still his crown was on his high
He lifts in melancholy glory.

Must all the works of human power
Live but an hour, decay and fall,
And still that cold and lonely tower
Outlive the proudest of them all?
Must virtue in his heavenward way,
And glory in his pathway blazing,
And beauty in his bright array,
On which love's burning eyes are gazing?

Must all the feelings of the heart,
Its joys and sorrows, bliss and fears,
Its hope and memory, all depart,
And sleep with unconquered years,—
And still that mountain brave the shock,
When wild storms wave their banners o'er him,
And time to quiver his thrones of rock
When ages melt away before him?

It should be so! for no heart beats
Beneath his cold and silent breast,
For him no well-known voice repeats
The gentle words that make us blest;
And more than this,—his deep repose
Is troubled by no thoughts of sorrow;
He hath no weary eyes to close,
He hath no cause to dread to-morrow.

He should survive—but man should die
As soon, and sadly as he may;
The close of life is always nigh,
And well it is to arrive to-day!
No matter when death rudely tears
The bands that soon or late must sever,
For blest the promise that he bears,
That man shall not live here forever!

And in the lapse of future years
When joy, and hope, and friends are fled,
And all the thoughts that ask no tears
Are those that hover round the dead,—
Perchance this scene may linger still,
And pensive memories of me stealing,
Remind me how the distant hill
Waked all the chords of tender feeling:

And I may gaze with tearful eyes
Upon the mount that cleaves the sky,
And wish to lay my head, where lies
The dust of those of years gone by
At thy proud base, and be forgot,
While onward years their course are keeping,
And thou art frowning o'er the spot
Where Bard is with his fathers sleeping.

Farewell! I go my lonely way,
Perchance far down the vale of years,—
The eyes that roll in smiles to-day
May gaze upon thee dim with tears;
May see thee still unaltered stand,
And envy thee thy calm repose,
Till death arrive with welcome hand,
My cares and sorrows gently closing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BROKEN HEART.

The Island of St. Domingo had long been held in peaceful possession by the French, and it was not until Louis XVI. mounted the throne that its quietude was disturbed. The blacks had become very numerous and imprudent, and it was not even supposed, until it actually happened, that an insurrection was about taking place. The negroes arose and were cruel in the extreme to the whites, and the inhabitants of the Island, massacred men, women and children, in the most barbarous manner, having no regard for age, sex, or condition. It was a dreadful scene—the blood flowed through the gutters like water—and the groans of miserable victims rang upon the air in mournful sounds. The inhabitants, as many as were spared, flew to the ships in the harbor for safety; being few, the captains were compelled to embark, leaving hundreds on the shore praying for God's sake to take them on board, but it was in vain, and the wretches giving up all hopes, flung themselves in the river to rise no more.

Among the passengers who were so lucky as to procure a passage on board one of the ships bound for Philadelphia, was one of the most wealthy and intelligent merchants of the Island. He had been fortunate enough, to save from the wreck of his fortune, some gold and many

valuable jewels. His wife and daughter also were safe, and with him. Notwithstanding Monsieur Berenger was seemingly very fortunate, yet he had been so unused to wants of any kind that the denial of any gratification rendered him completely unhappy.

His wife was an amiable woman, and his daughter Louisa, a charming accomplished girl, and her father's idol. They arrived in Philadelphia and took lodgings in Callowhill-street. It was some time before they learned the English language, as they kept retired, and all the neighborhood were in wonder who they could be. The daughter never went out but in company with her father, and they seemed inseparably bound to each other. The old man never smiled but on his child, and it was always observed, he appeared happy only in her company. She was as delicate a creature as ever nature moulded, and her misfortunes were only supportable because her father yet existed, and she wished to live only on his account. They soon gained many friends in their neighborhood, among whom were Mr. Marville and his nephew Frederick. They soon became warmly attached to the family, and Frederick was aware it was the love of Louisa.

Happy would Mr. Berenger have been could he have seen his daughter comfortably situated in life, but to die and leave so tender a plant to buffet the rude blast of adversity and poverty, was more than the old man could bear. He was seated one pleasant afternoon in his arbor, with his daughter and his friend beside him, his eyes bent intently on her, and a tear stealing down his cheek, when his daughter was suddenly called from him by her mother. As she went the old man raised his hands and eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "who shall protect my child when I am taken from her?" His friend was moved by the manner of the old man, and seizing his hand, pressed it between his own, and exclaimed, "never shall she or you want while I live." The old man spoke not—his looks told what his tongue would utter—he kissed his friend's hand, laid his hand on his bosom and breathed a last long sigh of farewell to mortality.

Medical aid was procured immediately, but it was of no avail; a vein was opened in the neck and the blood rushed from it so profusely that the physicians could not stop it, till nearly every drop of blood had left the body; a circumstance so singular could not be accounted for by the physicians, and on opening the body they found the old man's heart not only figuratively, but actually broken in two parts! This circumstance had such an effect on the daughter, that she died in a twelvemonth after her marriage with Frederick and just as she had become the mother of a charming daughter.

[From the Boston Courier.]

AN ALLEGORY.

As the Spirit of the Age was walking out one day, as was her custom, to observe what was going on among the good people of the earth, she chanced to meet her old acquaintance and kinsman, Common Sense. At first she was determined not to see her old friend, as people of the present day are wont not to see their obsolete acquaintances, that is, give them the cut direct, being taken with a sudden fit of near sightedness—but Common Sense was one of your plain, straight-forward sort of old fellows, a little old-fashioned in his notions, and had by no means kept up with the Spirit of the Age in her refinements; having no idea of being treated like a modern dandy, he made directly up to his fair cousin, and thrusting out his hand, with the air of one who does not choose to be set aside, he gave her a hearty shake and thus addressed her:—

"My good girl, it rejoices my heart to meet you once more—I have heard much of you lately, but have never set eyes upon you, since we made such a display together at C—. Come, let us join company for a while; I am anxious to know how you have fared."

Now the Spirit of the Age had, it is true, been very intimate with Common Sense in former days, and it was supposed by many that they would make a match of it at last, and be united for life; but some how or other, they parted company, and, as is usual in such cases, the world took sides, some declaring that she had jilted him, and others as stoutly maintained that he had left her in a rather shabby manner. Be this as it may, it is certain that poor Common Sense soon fell into disrepute, even among those who had previously been most loud in his praises, while the bright Spirit of the Age became more and more the subject of conversation. It will not appear surprising that under these circumstances she should receive his proposition of walking with him with no great pleasure, for her friends would declare if they saw them together, that she was anxious to make up with him, and they feared that if she should again become intimate with him, she would grow dull and uninteresting. Now the truth was, she had no notion of hanging such a clog about her neck, but then the poor fellow looked so glad to see her again, that she could not for the soul of her, treat him unkindly, and they even went on together, she tripping lightly over the ground and he hobbling after, keeping as near as he could.

"You ask me how I have fared," said she—"know then that I have flourished beyond the most sanguine expectations. I have been pronounced 'extraordinary' by one of the best judges America has produced, and it was allowed by all that he said nothing more than was true. I have received all sorts and kinds of com-

pliments; some of them, it is true, were a little left-handed, but then that is no more than we must expect, you know; we who make any pretensions to greatness and éclat." "I know it," said Common Sense. "I know it," said he—at the same time heaving a sigh which seemed to proceed from the very bottom of his stomach—"but go on."

"I need not inform you," she continued, "of all the pretty things that used to be said of us when we were so much together; so we will let that pass—since I parted with you I have been absolutely astonished to find in what estimation I have been held by the present generation. One would think that I had as many shapes as Proteus himself, but you know what that old Latin rascal makes Mercury say of us ladies, 'varium et mutabile,' and I begin to believe he was more than half right. I have been declared to be a great novel reader, a monstrous epicure, a dear lover of religious excitement, a patron of periodicals, a frequenter of all kinds of lectures, a great inquirer, a great friend of manufactures, a dabbler in politics, more especially in Presidential questions; I have been called a great reformer, a great brawler, and, in short, every thing but an honest woman. I have been flattered and caressed by the greater part of the world, and had it not been for a few solitary individuals, who adhered to your party, I might perhaps have had my head turned by this time."

"Right glad am I that you have escaped so dreadful a fate," said Common Sense; "though it is, I should think, only with the skin of your teeth, to use a homely proverb. But learn a lesson of me; put away all your nonsense and flummery, leave off reading nothing but novels and reviews, and store your mind with something solid; leave off quarrelling about abstruse points of religion, and learn to put in practice its plain, simple precepts. If you attend the lectures of wise men, go with a desire to learn and not to be amused or to be fashionable. Encourage manufactures, but be sure to do it in the best way. Seek the best men for your rulers, and if you have tried them and found them good and true, be not in a hurry to get rid of them."

"This may all be very correct, Mr. Common Sense," said the Spirit of the Age, "but it is horribly unfashionable—a dreadful bore"—so saying, she wished him a good morning and left him to the enjoyment of his own reflections. A. G.

A QUAKER'S LETTER

TO HIS WATCH-MAKER.

I herewith send thee my pocket-clock, which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school, he was no ways reformed, nor even in the least benefited thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind, that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him: that his motions are wavering and irregular: that his pulses are sometimes very quick, which betokeneth not an even temper; at other times it waxeth sluggish, (notwithstanding I frequently urge him,) that when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his usual name denoteth, I find him slumbering and sleeping—or, as the vanity of the human race phraseth it, I catch him napping.

Hence, I am induced to believe he is not right in the inward man. Examine him therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, by being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw him from the error of his ways, and show him the path wherein he should go. It grieveth me to think, that when I ponder thereon, I am verily of opinion, that his body is foul and the whole mass is corrupted. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming physic, from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to the truth. I will place him for a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requirest. In thy last thou chargest me with 1-8 of a pound, which I will pay when thy work deserves it. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment, according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself a workman that need not be ashamed. And when thou layest thy correcting hand on him, let it be without passion, lest thou drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for the time to come by the motion of the light that ruleth the day; and let him learn from that unerring guide, the true calculation of his table and equation; and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways, and more conformable to the above mentioned rules, then do thou send him home with a just bill of charges, drawn out by the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent, in the root of all evil, to thee.

ETNA

INSURANCE COMPANY.

J. D. ROBINSON,

AGENT for the ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Connecticut, offers to insure HOUSES, STORES, MILLS, FACTORIES, BARNs, and their contents, against loss or damage by

FIRE.

The rates of premium are as low as those of any other similar institution, and the adjusting and payment of LOSSES, are prompt and liberal. For terms of Insurance, application may be made to the above AGENT, who is authorized to issue policies to applicants without delay.

Gardiner, May 25, 1827.

ALMANACS FOR 1828.

Maine Farmer's—Thomas Farmer's—New-England Farmer's and CHRISTIAN ALMANACS for sale at the GARDINER BOOKSTORE by the grocer, dozen or single, at publishers' prices.

Chemical Embrocation,—or

WHITWELL'S

ORIGINAL OPODEDOC.

Treble the strength of the hard kind.

[BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.]

This article is now, beyond all dispute, considered by every Physician of extensive practice in the U. States, as the best known external remedy in all cases of Bruises, Sprains, Gout, Rheumatism, Cramp, Numbness, Stiffness of the Neck or Limbs, Chills, Chapped Hands, Stings of Insects, Vegetable Poisons, &c.

The use of this celebrated remedy is not confined to the American States. Orders for it are constantly received from South America, the West-Indies, Nova-Scotia, Lower Canada, and in one instance orders were received from England and Russia. In a late letter to the Proprietor, from St. Salvador, the writer observes, "Your opodeldoc begins to be well known and fully appreciated."

Certificates have been received, sufficient to fill a column of a paper. A few only, of the first respectability are attached to the directions,—among which is one from a Physician of the highest grade in Europe or America.

[Pause before you purchase.]

No one circumstance can more fully prove the value and great demand for this Medicine, than the numerous servile and contemptible imitations in existence. Some have so closely imitated the stamp and type of the outside wrapper, as to be difficult of detection, except only by the omission of the name. Therefore, as you value Life or Limb, be sure to ask for and receive WHITWELL'S opodeldoc only, or you may be most wretchedly imposed upon.

At the same place may be had, the AROMATIC SNUFF, celebrated throughout the American Continent, in cases of Catarrh and Headache, drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, Vapors, Dimness of Eye-sight, and all disorders of the head.

From its most fragrant and grateful quality, it completely counteracts the effects of a bad atmosphere, and being greatly antispasmodic, is indispensable for all who watch with or visit the sick.

Also,—DETERGENT BITTERS, a most excellent article for Jaundice, want of appetite, &c. &c.

Also,—JARVIS' BILIOUS PILLS, a cheap and fine Family Medicine.

Constantly for sale by

BOWMAN & PERKINS.

Gardiner, January 5, 1827.

NEW HAT-STORE.

LABAN L. MACOMBER,

(Opposite McLean's New Hotel.)

HAS established himself as a Hat Manufacturer, and has constantly on hand, for sale, an assortment of Gentlemen's, Youth's and Children's HATS, cheap for cash, country produce, or approved credit.

The following certificates of Hat manufacturers in the City of Boston and vicinity will show the superior quality of Macomber's Patent Machine Hat bodies.

We the undersigned, having seen in operation Macomber's Machine for Planking Wool Hat Bodies, are of opinion that the bodies are closed better, are smoother, will hold their stiffening, and finish better than those planked in the usual manner.

JESSE BROWN, Pres't. Boston Hat Manf.
ELISHA VOSE, Treas. Boston Hat Manf.
SAMUEL BARRY, Watertown,
C. L. EMERSON, Newburyport,
JAMES KENT, West Springfield,
MARTIN BATES, Boston.

We, the undersigned, having examined the Hat Bodies made by the above Machine, are of opinion that they are better made than those manufactured in the common way.

BRADFORD LINCOLN,
Director of the Boston Hat Manf.
JOHN LONGLEY,
HENRY CLARK,
Finishing Agent of the Boston Hat Manf.

We, the undersigned having made use of Macomber's Machine for Planking Wool Hat Bodies, do hereby certify that the bodies so planked are smoother and closed better than they can be in the usual manner. The laborious part of the work is done by the machine.

Foreman of Rob't. Bacon's Hat Factory, Medford.
JOHN WHITE, Methuen,
HIRAM MERRILL, Salem, N. H.

N. B. L. M. hopes, by the strictest attention to business, and the superior quality of his Hats, to merit and obtain a share of public patronage.

Gardiner, Nov. 7, 1827.

45

BOOKS, STATIONARY, AND PAPER HANGINGS,

CONSTANTLY FOR SALE BY

P. SHELDON,

AT THE GARDINER BOOKSTORE.

A COMPLETE assortment of SCHOOL and CLASSICAL BOOKS, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices. Also, writing, letter, and wrapping PAPER, at the manufacturers' prices; and a complete assortment of ROOM PAPERS, from 20 cents, to 150 cents per roll. A great variety of Rodgers', and other fine Cutlery. QUILLS, by the M. very cheap. SLATES per dozen, do. Combs. Mathematical Instruments, Scales, &c. &c. comprising as complete an assortment of articles as can be found in any similar establishment, and at the lowest prices.

Gardiner, January 5.

THE PROTECTION

INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, Connecticut, offers to insure Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns, and the contents of each, together with every other similar species of property.

AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.

The rates of premium offered, are as low as those of any other similar institution, and every man has now an opportunity, for a trilling sum, to protect himself against the ravages of this destructive element, which often in a single hour sweeps away the earnings of many years.

The course the office pursue in transacting their business, and in the adjusting and payment of losses is prompt and liberal. For the terms of insurance application may be made to the Agent, who is authorized to issue policies to applicants without delay.

GEO. EVANS, Agent.

Gardiner, Jan. 5, 1827.

JUST RECEIVED,

AND for sale at this office, and by the Editor at Augusta, a few copies of Hutchinson's A-POLOGY FOR DISBELIEF IN UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION, &c. Price 62 1-2 cents bound, or 50 cents half bound.

oct. 19

OLIVER'S CONVEYANCER.

JUST PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE AT THE GARDINER BOOKSTORE.

A SELECTION of FORMS of General Utility with notes interspersed. Second edition. By E. L. OLIVER, Jr.

June 8, 1827.

NATIONAL READER.

RECENTLY published and for sale by P. SHELDON, Gardiner, the National Reader, a reading book for the higher classes in Schools and Academies, &c. of the highly approved American First Class Book, &c. The National Reader is intended to be in American schools where the English Reader is in the schools of Great Britain. &c. and is extremely well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed, and is rapidly superseding the English Reader. The superintending Committee of schools in Gardiner have directed the use of the National Reader in the schools under their care.

Nov. 25.

PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION

THREE ESSAYS.

By WALTER BALFOUR.

ESSAY I.

On the Intermediate State of the Dead.

Section 1. The scriptures examined respecting the state of man's Body, Soul, and Spirit, between death and the resurrection.

Section 2. On Ghosts, and their intercourse with this world after death.

Section 3. On the various opinions which have been entertained respecting the nature of man's soul; its immortality; its condition after death; whence such opinions originated; and how they came to be incorporated with the Christian religion.

Section 4. Facts stated, showing that the common opinions respecting man's soul, and its condition after death, cannot be true.

Section 5. Objections considered.

ESSAY II.

On the Resurrection of the Dead.

Section 1. On the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

Section 2. On the resurrection of man from the dead.

Section 3. Remarks addressed to Christians, Jews, and Deists.

ESSAY III.

On the Greek terms *krino*, *krisis*, *krima*, &c. rendered judge, judgement, condemned, condemnation, damned, damnation, &c. in the New Testament.

Concluding remarks, on Mr. Hudson's Letters, in defence of a future retribution, addressed to Messrs. Hosea Ballou, Balfour, and others.

These three Essays were commenced for the author's personal satisfaction, without any view to immediate publication, or as an answer to Mr. Hudson's book. But as we deem them a full answer to it, we proceed to prepare them for the press. All his texts in proof of a future retribution are particularly considered; the principle of analogy on which he reasons betwixt this state and the future, is also examined; and the assumed ground on which he builds his whole scheme of punishment after death, is shown to be without foundation in the Bible.

CHARLESTOWN, (Mass.) Nov. 7, 1827.

Signatures received at this office.

E. H. LOMBARD,

AGENT TO THE

PROTECTION

INSURANCE COMPANY,

IN FULLY AUTHORIZED TO TAKE

MARINE RISKS,

FOREIGN AND COASTWISE. Rates of premium as low as in Boston or elsewhere. Policies issued without delay, upon application to said Agent at Hallowell.

April 27.

GARDINER LYCEUM.

WINTER CLASSES.

CLASSES in Carpentry, and Civil Architecture, and in Agriculture will be admitted November 22, and a class in Chemistry January 2, next, each to continue until the third Wednesday in April 1828. The class in Agriculture will attend to Agricultural Chemistry, the practical analysis of soils, &c. and to any other studies pursued at the Lyceum consistent with the above course. Such of the classes in Agriculture and Chemistry as desire it, will have the privilege of attending with the Professor in the Laboratory during the preparation for Lectures.

The Trustees also give notice, that by arrangements recently adopted, the opportunities for improvement at the Lyceum are increased, and the advantages extended. Scholars may be admitted at the age of 12 years, and will be required to prosecute their studies at a school room under the personal direction of one of the Instructors, until qualified to advance into the higher classes. Means are also provided, by which such students as choose, may devote a portion of the time, to earn their own support. It is not therefore necessary, that a young man should be urged forward faster than his abilities and means will justify.

A workshop is furnished, where employment will be given to young men desirous of supporting themselves, by which they will be enabled to do so in whole or in part. In the Summer a number will be received, who will have the opportunity of defraying the expenses of board, by labor on the farm.

Classes in Agriculture, and in Civil Architecture and Carpentry, for the whole term, including fees for Lectures, 12 Dollars.

Class in Chemistry, including fees for Lectures, 10 Dollars.

Third Class 5 Dollars per term.

First and Second Class 8 Dollars per term.

Tuition will be furnished gratis to any meritorious young men unable to pay.

Gardiner, Nov. 8, 1827.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of all singular the goods and estate which were of

ROBERT PORTER,

Late of Pittston, in the county of Kennebec, Yeoman, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bonds as the law directs.—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of the said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JOHN COLBURN, Administrator.

Pittston, Oct. 30, 1827.

LOST.

A DARK Brown colored COW, about eight years old, a short tail, having strayed from the yard of a person in this village,—whoever may give information at this office so that the owner may obtain her shall be handsomely rewarded for his trouble.

Gardiner, Oct. 31.

ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, &c.

FOR sale at the GARDINER BOOK STORE, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1828,—The Memorial and the Token, works of a similar description of the Souvenir will be received in a few days. Also, the Souvenir will be received in a few days. Also, the Souvenir will be received in a few days. Also, the Souvenir will be received in a few days.

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Gentlemen's Hair do. do.

Also, a prime lot of Buffalo Robes and Fur Trimmings, Hats of all kinds, West India Goods, Crock